

suasion would induce her uncle to change his already firmly expressed decision; hence the new device. She proposed that William should return to Canada—settle affairs, and come again and carry her away in spite of opposition, the beloved of his affections—the sweet bride of his bosom.

A more glorious evening never wrapped England in the shroud of quietude and repose, than that on which William bade a fond adieu to Emaline, the beloved, adored idol of his affections. She threw her gentle arms round his neck, tears rolling down her lily cheeks, with the out-bursting emotions of her troubled bosom; she said, "William, you will return again, and make me your bride, will you not?" "If there is a God, and he permits me, I will, Emaline, you angel!" he replied, sealing the covenant with a kiss.

William was gone! This was indeed a severe trial to Emaline, to sacrifice all the endearments of home—the pleasure of friends—the endearing scenes of childhood, desert all—all for one she loved; hence the outburst of passionate feelings that opens the narrative.

In a few days, William found himself in the cabin of a splendid merchant ship, under a pleasant breeze, bound for Canada; he held in his hand a small flowered note, written in a delicate female hand; it was from Emaline, he had received it at Liverpool before sailing. A hand was laid on his shoulder—"Is it possible this is William Freeman?" He turned and recognised the landlord of one of the principal hotels in Quebec. The landlord was almost in ecstasy of joy, and immediately ordered a bottle of cherry. William refused to drink; he had always been a "Teetotaler;" but he was denounced, persuaded, and finally, yielded. O, fatal draught! he had broken his pledge; he had yielded his honor; where now the restraint? Nature had provided him with a strong love, an insatiable appetite for the luring monster; but this appetite had never been fed—had never been aroused: now the spell was broken! that which yesterday was a crime—an unpardonable sin, to-day becomes a duty. From reading, investigating, and cultivating the exalted and noble feelings that pervade the hearts of highly intellectual and congenial beings—bacchanalianism and debauchery become the order of the day. The stately ship is boldly ploughing the blue waters, heaving the dashing spray high up its bow; the sun is pouring its genial rays upon the deck; the passengers swarm, like drones, upon the deck; promiseously arranged, walking, standing, sitting, reading, chatting, and slumbering. William beheld in a little group a fair lady with whom he determined to become acquainted. He was intoxicated—he did so; then, and then only, he imagined her to be a lovely girl. Their intimacy soon ripened into love,—love debased and sensual; he was intimate only when wine instead of reason governed him. Alas! William Freeman, beware the lurking monster!

Cast down the cup! a serpent sleeps
Beneath the rose that crowns its brim.

After all William's good qualities, attributes, and abilities, he was now no man! He was robbed of those qualities that constitute a man; he was now feeble and froward;

he wanted firmness, constancy, and decision of character. His native thirst, like the ravages of a burning volcano, could not be arrested; it knew no bounds. In the day-time he and the fair damsel were together; in the evening, the silvery streams of moonlight played around them, and bound more closely the magic spell. Is it possible he has forgotten his position in society, his honor, the fond, faithful heart of his betrothed Emaline, that now beat for him, far, far behind, o'er the jagged gulf of the raging billows? His conscience reproved; the image of the fair Emaline haunted him in his sober moments; it beseeched him—it begged him—it invited—it beckoned him away! The words of a dying mother—"William, be a good boy, follow me to heaven," rang in his ears, warned him to stop, think, investigate, and turn again to the paths of rectitude; but he only who has experienced it, can tell the power of Alcohol's allurements. William cared not. A magic spell bound his weak exertions. At length the evil hour came; maddened with wine—reason, principle, honor—all absorbed, all drowned under the influence of the "demon strong drink," William fell, fell with his own and his partner's virtue.

He landed. He was now a poor, haggard, debased, depraved and ruined inebriate—dishonored and disowned—scorned by his old associates, even by the monster who gave him the fatal glass of cherry.

The innocent victim of his dishonor, whom he had also promised to marry, now scorned his degraded person. This same William Freeman, who, but a few months since, was as noble, brave, intelligent a young man, as ever graced British soil!

The sequel will be short.

His father grieved, exhorted, and prayed over William, his only son. A fond, loving, and affectionate sister leaned gently on his bosom, and with heart-broken sobs, sweet caresses, and affectionate appeals, tried to lure him again to the paths of peace. All in vain. O, how they wept when, for their own honor's sake, they were compelled to abandon—bid adieu forever to the one beloved, cherished idol of their affections—a father and a sister. If he had died, they might have rejoiced. If he had entered a bloody contest and been slain, they might have been proud. If he had been killed by a bold highwayman, it would have been an honor; but to disgrace himself and friends, ruin his prospects, ruin his body, and finally, destroy, ruin, and lose his own soul, were considerations that weighed heavily on the mind of a considerate and doting father; and certainly not less upon the fine feelings of his fair and gentle sister, by whose side he had so oft wandered 'neath the grove, in whose gentle arms he had so oft played and fondled with childish simplicity. All lost! All gone! Alas, never to return.

Home distracted, lost and gone,
Cursed liquid of the vine.

William would cry and sob, penitent, heart-broken and ruined; but the fiery monster was relentless. William Freeman was no more free, he was a ruined, desolate victim. The fair injured victim of his unholy passion, was